



The Disappearance of Frosty

A Colonel Pepperpod Story

BY GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM



DAVID NORTON, brown-haired, blue-eyed, and fourteen, stood straight and slim in the center of the group and met squarely the gaze of the team of which he was captain.

"It's not fair to Frosty to be worrying about him," he said evenly. "We don't know anything to worry about!"

"Well, we just about know!" big Tom Strothers boldly asserted. "We can put two and two together, can't we?"

"We can," agreed David. "But in this case, Tom, we're getting five instead of four! . . . I certainly don't believe wrong of Frosty Gregg!"

Tom moved restlessly; he rumbled the thick hair which grew down low on his forehead with an impatient hand.

"But the Brownwell football eleven's fund for new suits is in Frosty's keeping," he thrust at David. "And Frosty has disappeared!"

David's face grew stern.

"I went to his apartment today in that old downtown building and about battered the rickety door down," Tom rushed on. "But no one answered. Then I asked some of the neighbors, and they said all they knew was that Frosty's mother had gone to the country to work for a while; whether Frosty had gone too they couldn't say—they'd seen nothing of him."

"Of course, we can play in our old faded suits and look like hobos!" grumbled a player. "That Twilliger Hill eleven is a crack team in looks as well as their game! We'll make a swell showing beside them! The bleachers will hoot us!"

"New suits wouldn't help us to win the Pepperpod cup," replied their captain calmly. "We can battle for that cup just as well in our old togs as in new ones. We're out to win! It doesn't matter how we look!"

"It takes the heart out of

a fellow to have a thing like this come up, I suppose you'll admit," Tom shot out. "A game with the Twilligers next week—and no decent suits, and no "subs." Fine, I call it! Fine!"

David moved nearer to Tom and held his eyes compellingly.

"Do you imagine for one minute that Frosty would throw us down on that game when he's to play?" he demanded warmly. "And when he shows up, do you imagine he'll do it without our suits?"

Tom glowered, and gave a scornful snort fairly in David's face.

"How do I know what he'll do?" he growled. "He's been gone a week with the club's funds. We've only known him since spring—and he's poor!"

David whirled away from Tom; then back like a shot. His face was pale.

"So that's it! Because Frosty is poor you accuse him of making off with the funds!" David's eyes were almost black with the anger he felt. "Well, you are great ones! You certainly take the prize

in loyalty and trust! And you've always been this way! You're always fault-finding, suspecting, distrusting one another—always! There's more turmoil and trouble in the Brownwells than in all the other teams in the city put together! . . . Ugh! It makes me ashamed—ashamed to belong!"

David whirled on his heel and left the group, who for a space stared after him in silence; then again broke into talk of Frosty.

Thoughtfully David made his way homeward, indignation at his team, soon giving way to anxiety for Frosty. It was not the fund he was thinking of, nor the suits; it was Frosty's safety, his well-being. What had happened to him? Why had he disappeared? Was he sick—injured, perhaps an accident?

Unable to stand the uncertainty longer, now that he seriously considered it, he changed his course and set out for the downtown district in which Frosty lived. There, he climbed the dusty stairs to the tiny apartment above, and rapped loudly upon the door. There came no response, and dejectedly he descended the stairs, and walked slowly through the street, eyes alert for a possible sight of Frosty; but he got none and had turned into a thoroughfare several blocks away when he ran squarely into Colonel Pepperpod about to enter a small tailoring shop.

"Well, hello there, David!" the colonel sang out cheerily. "I suppose you are all set to take that Pepperpod cup away from the Twilligers this time, eh?"

David replied that his team certainly meant to win; and that the game gave promise of being a pretty interesting one, for the Twilligers had held the cup two seasons. Then suddenly there came to him the impulse to confide in this good little man whom he had known such a long time, and who had always proven a friend. He would tell him of Frosty's strange disappearance—not, of course, as the team thought of it!—but as he thought of it.

Patiently the colonel listened until David was through; then with a chuckle he drew closer and said something in a very low tone. For several minutes they talked. David's eyes grew wide and



"There he stood—all togged out in a new football suit."

Drawing by Richard W. Pierce

round; a broad grin crept to his lips and presently broke into a gay laugh that mingled with one from the colonel.

After a while, they entered the small tailoring shop before which they were standing, and held a pleasant consultation over the new suit Colonel Pepperpod was having made; also suits which were in the process of making for Trix, Jimmy, and Ned, the boys who lived with the colonel on Twilliger Hill. Then David left, and ran almost all the way home, his joyous feet barely touching the earth!

Four days passed, the Brownwells growing more gloomy and suspicious every second. Frosty had not appeared; no one had received word from him. Then came the day of the game. All players were requested by their captain to meet in his back garden shortly after noon. Under the trees they lounged, sullen and ill-tempered.

"This is a fine note, this is!" one fumed. "Playing in old suits—and short a quarterback!"

"That's what we get for trusting anybody!" another flung out. "I knew mighty well Frosty wouldn't show up!"

"We shouldn't have let him be treasurer," came from a third. "We should have known that he wasn't the right one for it!"

"Well, if I ever get my hands on him!" big Tom straightening from his reclining position furiously threatened. "If I ever get my hands on him, I'll—"

"Then, this way, Tom!" David's voice was low, but it reached every player in the garden. "Here's your chance!"

All sat up and stared. David stood on the lowest step of the back porch, and beside him—Frosty! Swiftly they scrambled to their feet and moved forward, some menacingly; some seemed confused, dazed.

There he stood, his fair hair glistening in the sunshine, a friendly grin on his plain face—all toggled out in a new football suit, the classiest thing they had ever seen!

"What—where—why—" they gasped, and got no further.

"You see, fellows," David broke in, "Frosty has arrived in plenty of time—suits and all!"

Tom elbowed the others aside and stepped nearer. Deliberately, from head to foot, his sharp eyes covered Frosty. Then he said, and the words came jerkily:

"This—this outfit must have cost something! It's the very kind we've all been wild to have, and couldn't afford! How—how did you get it?"

Frosty twisted and looked bashful; he didn't like talking about himself; whenever he did something worth-while it pleased Frosty most of all if no one tried to discuss it with him. David knew this, so he answered for him.

"I'll tell you how Frosty got these suits," he sent at the team levelly. "He'd never tell it himself; and I wouldn't have found out either, if I hadn't happened to bump into Colonel Pepperpod going

into a tailor's shop one day last week. He knew what Frosty was up to, and he told me. Well, this is how he got them—he earned them! Earned them by sleeping in the tailor's shop nights so as to open mornings, by sweeping out, by washing windows, by scrubbing floors, by dusting, by cooking the tailor's lunch in the little back part, by running errands, by pulling bastings—anything and everything he was asked to do! . . . And he did it for you! Worked about fifteen hours a day—for you! . . . There was only enough money for cheap, ugly suits. Frosty knew you wanted the good ones. He got them for you—by paying mostly with himself! . . . Is there anything you'd like to say about it?"

Tom's face had gone as red as fire; the others were no better. They slunk away; then drifted back. No one knew what to say; what to do. Finally, after several minutes of the most strained silence, big Tom thrust the damp hair back from his forehead, and spoke.

"Guess I can speak for the team," he forced out, staring around on the others, who eagerly nodded. "It's just this: The—the only thing I've got to say—can say—is that the fellows and I are so ashamed of ourselves that we'd like to go off somewhere and hide for a week! We've been disloyal, suspicious—small! We have never been as staunch with each other as we should have—as other teams are; we've never really worked together. That's why we've lost so many games this year, I can see now. And for one,

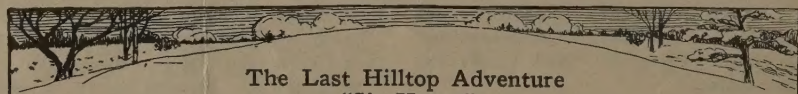
I'm through with that sort of stuff—crabbing, suspecting, accusing. Hereafter I trust people! See if I don't! . . . Frosty," he said huskily, stretching out his hand, "maybe you don't think I'm sorry!"

Frosty gripped the extended hand and one after another the team filed up. When the last man had wrung that now rather aching member, David sang out an order to hustle into their suits and show some speed in getting to the Twilliger field.

Thirty minutes later, there they were snappily in action. Colonel Pepperpod with Chappy his Airedale terrier at his side looked on from a pile of lumber at one end of the field.

"Whew!" remarked he to Chappy. "Class to those red and white suits of the Brownwells! Class! They actually seem to have made over the players; never before saw them play with such co-operation and clever teamwork. Here it is the sixth inning and the score stands 8 to 0 in their favor. The Twilligers might just as well kiss the cup goodbye! The Brownwells have won it! That's what comes of pulling together, Chappy," he went on jovially. "Of having trust, and understanding, and love—along with swell new suits, eh, Chappy, what do you think about it?"

And Chappy to prove that he understood and heartily agreed, barked softly, and vigorously wagged his brown stubby tail.



The Last Hilltop Adventure "Sir Henry"

BY EDNA S. KNAPP

(Concluded)

But Henry, seeing Mrs. Bassett more like herself, slipped out into the rain. The truth was that while in the kitchen he had smelled smoke from outside and felt obliged to investigate. The trouble was not hard to locate. Evidently that last bolt had hit the barn, run down a corner of that building and across an open shed to the ground. Here it had set fire. While Henry hurried across the yard, the pouring rain quenched the blaze on the outside but little fingers of flame had reached through the wall and were reaching upward on the inside and groping also toward the litter on the shed floor.

"It's lucky there's a man on the place," thought Henry. Seizing a couple of pails standing on the barn floor, he dipped them full at the watering trough and dashed the contents onto the flames. It needed a good many pailsful and he worked breathlessly, divided between the necessity for drenching the walls and checking the spread of flames in the litter on the floor. Some fire he stamped out; some he drowned; some he may have attacked almost bare-

handed; he could never tell just how he accomplished his end. Anyway the fire was out before much damage was done. Then back he went to the house where Mrs. Bassett was working over Margaret who had not stirred.

"How are the chickens?" asked Mrs. Bassett, commencing to think for her outdoors family. "Won't the water pour in where the little chickens huddle?"

"I'll find out," said Henry, rushing off in the rain. Here he discovered the lightning had indeed been busy. Half the chickens were killed outright, the rest lay stunned in water which was rapidly growing deeper. A glance in passing showed that Porko, the pig, had met an untimely end. "I'm glad the cow's in the pasture and Deacon's off," the boy told himself.

Henry carried the stunned poultry to the barn and then dashed back to the house where Mrs. Bassett met him white-faced. "I have done everything I can think of to rouse Margaret," she said, "even to using the coldest water we have. I can't find a spark of life. I don't know what to do next."

The breathless, dripping lad paused for an instant and put his hand to his head. The strain of work and worry as well as the shock of the storm was beginning to tell. "There's something more," he remarked. "If only I could think. Oh, I know. It's what you do when folks get drowned."

"Artificial respiration?" queried the housekeeper.

"Yes; that's what they call it. I'll show' you how," responded the Boy Scout.

Together they worked in anxious silence broken only by directions from the boy and soon were rewarded by seeing Margaret's eyes open slowly. Next Henry fed the kitchen stove and made more coffee which Mrs. Bassett gave to Margaret; then Henry and Mrs. Bassett shared some.

Just as Mrs. Bassett and Henry exchanged glances of relief across Margaret's couch, another flash blinded them and thunder shook the earth. Mrs. Bassett groaned and Henry said involuntarily as he noted the peculiar rattling crash, "That struck nearby."

"Better find out where," said Mrs. Bassett, who as yet dared not leave Margaret.

So once more Henry, so wet no water could harm him, darted out into the downpour. From the rear he saw no fresh damage, but when he glanced toward the study building, he saw the last bolt had ripped off shingles and clapboards from one side of the building and left Uncle Henry's study-table exposed to the weather. Now Uncle Henry was not noted for putting away things, and valuable papers and reference books lay all over the table top.

Henry Junior sighed, considered for an instant, and, making a dive for the farmhouse hall, emptied the umbrella-stand to provide temporary roofs for books and papers. "There," he exclaimed, "that's the best I can do on a pinch."

Back to the house again he went. "How is she?" he asked anxiously of Mrs. Bassett, who was bending over Margaret.

"Coming out all right," was the hearty response. "She can't move yet, but she has spoken twice so I could understand her."

"Thank goodness," cried the relieved knight. "Oh, but I'm glad. You scared us for sure, Cousin."

"Sorry," came Margaret's husky whisper. "Couldn't—help—it."

"Are you tired, lad?" asked Mrs. Bassett of the begrimed, drenched apparition that had for a moment dropped into a chair to get breath.

"Too thankful and busy to know," said Henry. "Maybe I might be, if I had time. Say, what's there to do next? What time is it, anyway?" He pulled out his watch and made a wry face as he gazed at it, then held it so Mrs. Bassett could see.

"Storm's passed over," he continued. "If they didn't have it at the Junction,

the bride will be upon us soon. I've made a pretty mess of your clean house, Ma'am. Want to come and admire?" He offered his arm to Mrs. Bassett and shakily she walked to the kitchen, where she took the nearest chair.

The housekeeper's face clouded momentarily as she noticed the muddy footprints crossing and re-crossing her white floor, the litter of cups and so forth, and Henry's drenched coat in her cushioned chair. "The floor will wash," she said cheerfully. "We can put away the cups and things. How's my fire?"

"Out," responded Henry gloomily. "I'll have one in a jiffy though." He was as good as his word.

"How's that chicken?" was Mrs. Bassett's next thought.

"Chicken? What chicken? I 'tended to them all, didn't I?" responded the cook's assistant.

"In the oven, the one I'm roasting for the bride. She'll be hungry, and chicken's the handiest meat here," said Mrs. Bassett.

"Burned on one side and raw on the

other," pronounced Henry after inspection. "Say, the house is in a muss, we're not fixed up any and Uncle Henry is outrageously particular. My eye! Here are the folks now."

Mrs. Bassett groaned and Henry grinned. She tried to walk but could only go as far as the dining room to sink into a chair by Margaret's couch. Next moment the bride, dainty and stylish, was ushered into the room.

Inside ten minutes the bride, a capable Southerner, was in command. Henry, freshly knighted by his new relative and garbed in dry clothing, helped with the dinner. And Uncle Henry was warm in praise of the quick wit and helpfulness showed by his nephew and namesake.

* * * * *

"Uncle Henry's new series of tales has to have a Southern background, so Hill-top Farm is to be sold," Henry informed Margaret that night. "We can't get into any more scrapes here, Cousin."

Smiling faintly, Margaret made response thus, "I've had—enough—for a while."



Blue Birds and Good Works

BY BELLA DIMICK

THE Blue-bird flock had increased. Doris and Dedie were newcomers, and Edna, after a long absence, had returned. This made seven, and that is a good number. It matched the picture on the class-room wall, seven blue-birds in a joyous flight.

There had been an election, and Marjorie was president of the class. Edna was vice-president; the secretary was Geraldine; the treasurer was Josephine.

There were then three, besides the teacher, who had no office; why not have all officers? The teacher proposed that directors be elected, senior and junior. This proposal met with acclaim, and Dedie was at once chosen as Senior Director. Dedie was a bird of passage, here today and gone tomorrow, but one director could manage, did necessity compel.

The next vote named for Junior Director, Dorothea, the youngest girl in the class, but, thanks to a mother with a theory and the ability to carry it out, the equal of those very much older. She was a tiny child, with a dear, serious little face, and curls which gave way to the prevailing fashion, when a trip to Yellowstone Park, in the family car, made it a convenient one.

These directors were to have charge of all matters, preceding a meeting of the club, depending upon what work was undertaken.

Doris, the eldest girl in her class, was chosen for Flower Gatherer. Some schools have Monitors, you know, who make report of errors and wrong actions, but this monitor was to make report of

all the kind and beautiful things she saw, in the class or out.

Flowers are better than weeds, are they not?

The teacher was requested to be Parliamentarian, which meant that she was to tell the moderator how to open the meeting, and conduct the business; and instruct the others how to address the "Chair."—as the President is sometimes called,—how to make a motion, or second it, and all such matters. So there they all were; no "High Privates in the Rear Ranks" at all.

One of the officers chosen had been a treasurer. But there was nothing for her to treasure. The President called for action, and it was at once moved and seconded that any member of the class appearing at Sunday-school without her blue-bird pin should pay a fine of One Cent. When this motion was put, it received a unanimous vote. This, the teacher suggested, would prove a poor basis for a needy exchequer, for it had become a point of honor with the members to wear their pins.

"Well," said the teacher, "how many can make candy?" Two hands went up, two others went part way up; when these were down, two more went up. "I—I—helped, one time," said one little girl. "I always help," said the other. "Good!" said the teacher. "This looks promising. Now, who can bake cake?" One hand went up. "The ladies are going to have a sale in December, and I believe we can have a table of sweets. You ask your mothers, and if they are willing, let us try and see what we can do. It would be a good thing for us to give something to the church; what would you say to a pair of tabourettes? I have wished so much, when arranging flowers, that we had some. We have two pedestals, and they look better on the floor. If we had



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

2706 ESPY AVENUE, SOUTH HILLS,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dear Miss Buck: We all go to the Northside Sunday-school. My sister, five years old and I, eight years old, received books for regular attendance last year. We live a long way from the church and we ride over in our Ford Sedan, about sixteen miles both ways. We enjoy having *The Beacon* every Sunday and I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,
MARJORIE P. UFTON.

50 HOWARD STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: I would like to join the Beacon Club. Rev. Christopher R. Eliot is our minister. Miss Jones is the assistant. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. I am following the "More Hilltop Adventures" and

like them very much. My teacher is Miss Lund. I am ten years old and always watch the Beacon Club Corner.

Yours truly,
ALBERT COOK.

NORTH STREET,
HOULTON, MAINE.

Dear Miss Buck: I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club with a Beacon pin. I am nine years old. We have a new minister whom I like very much. There are three boys in our class. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Peabody. Last year I attended Sunday-school all but two Sundays when I was out of town. I go to the Unitarian church. Our minister's name is Mr. Cooke.

Yours truly,
ALBERT P. PUTNAM.

Other new members of our Club are Eleanor Leavens, Berkeley, Cal.; Betty Brundage, Washington, D. C.; Cordelia and George Peabody and James P. Archibald, Houlton, Me.; Louise A. Godfrey, Portland, Me.; Peggy Snow, Peterborough, N. H.; Ruth F. Wells, Amherst, Mass.; Marjorie Prouty, Kingston, Mass.; Clifton Drake and Herbert Mitchell, Whitman, Mass.

something half as high for the platform, we could get a far better result."

The little girls were greatly interested, and asked many questions about the gift. How much did they cost? Where should we go to get them? etc. The teacher said she had been thinking it over, and decided it would be wise to ask Mr. Horn to have his pupils in the High School Manual Training class do the work. This

was hailed as an excellent idea and several of the girls were with the teacher when she spoke to Mr. Horn before church.

(To be concluded)

Our Honor Roll

Bennie Strattan has brought two new members to the Unitarian Church School of Hobart, Indiana.



CHILDREN OF THE NEAR EAST

Here are three little children being helped by an American doctor and a Red Cross nurse. They are in the Near East. Ask somebody where that is if you do not know. These babies seem to be with their mothers, but there are many thousands of children in the Near East who have no mothers and no fathers. Most of these would have starved to death if American church schools had not sent them the money that bought them food. Your school will be asked to give money at Christmas time to feed these children

during the next year. Please help to make this offering as large as possible. If you are not connected with any church school, you may send your offering directly to the Editor of *The Beacon*. Your contribution will be acknowledged and sent on to the persons having this work in hand.

Christmas brings us so much in gifts and in the joy of the season that we should remember those who have so little and do something—each one of us—to make their lives brighter.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XX.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 17, 10, 9, 24, 8, 13, is to mourn.
My 16, 1, 25, 19, 5, 8, is a place for flowers.
My 23, 12, 15, 22, 14, 5, 25, is a Scotch plant.
My 6, 7, 20, 21, is an article of furniture.
My 2, 3, 4, 14, is to desire.
My 22, 18, 11, 5, is to accept.
My whole is found in the book of Proverbs.
E. A. C.

ENIGMA XXI.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 3, 4, 8, is not thin.
My 1, 4, 7, 9, is after the appointed time.
My 5, 6, 7, is an adverb of time.
My 3, 4, 1, 1, is something babies do when they try to walk.
My 4, 8, 9, is the past of my 6, 2, 7.
My whole is the name of a famous man.
JANE CARPENTER.

INITIALED PROPHET

One of the months.
A vegetable.
A number.
Parched.
An animal.
The initials spell the name of one of the prophets.
Boyland.

A STUDY IN AGES

Example: the age of the invalid. Answer: Bandage. 1. The age of the home. 2. The age that travels. 3. The age of matrimony. 4. An age of communication. 5. A vegetable age. 6. The age of cloth. 7. An age of slavery. 8. The age of a bird. 8. A proverbial age. 9. An age that directs. 10. The age of the immigrant. 11. The age of the shopper. 12. An age that injures. 13. An age of nobility. 14. The age of the barbarian. 15. An age that foretells. 16. An age that is deficient. 17. The age of the wayfarer. 18. A burdensome age. 19. An age recently attained by women.

Firelight.

A DIAMOND

1. A consonant.
2. A domestic animal.
3. One who steers.
4. Uprightness.
5. A country.
6. Something very light.
7. Malice.
8. A numeral.
9. A vowel.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 9

ENIGMA XVI.—A stitch in time saves nine.

ENIGMA XVII.—Pilgrims and Puritans.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Need, Eden. Mire, rime. Rite, tire. Calm, clam. Tame, mate. Mite, time. Tone, note. Ton, not. Tool, loot.

HIDDEN TREES.—1. Pine. 2. Oak. 3. Elm. 4. Maple. 5. Apple. 6. Pear. 7. Plum. 8. Olive. 9. Beech. 10. Chestnut. 11. Cedar. 12. Ash.

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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